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# IN CRYSTAL HILLS

By FREDERICK J. ALLEN



NORTH  
CONWAY

New Hampshire

*ILLUSTRATED*



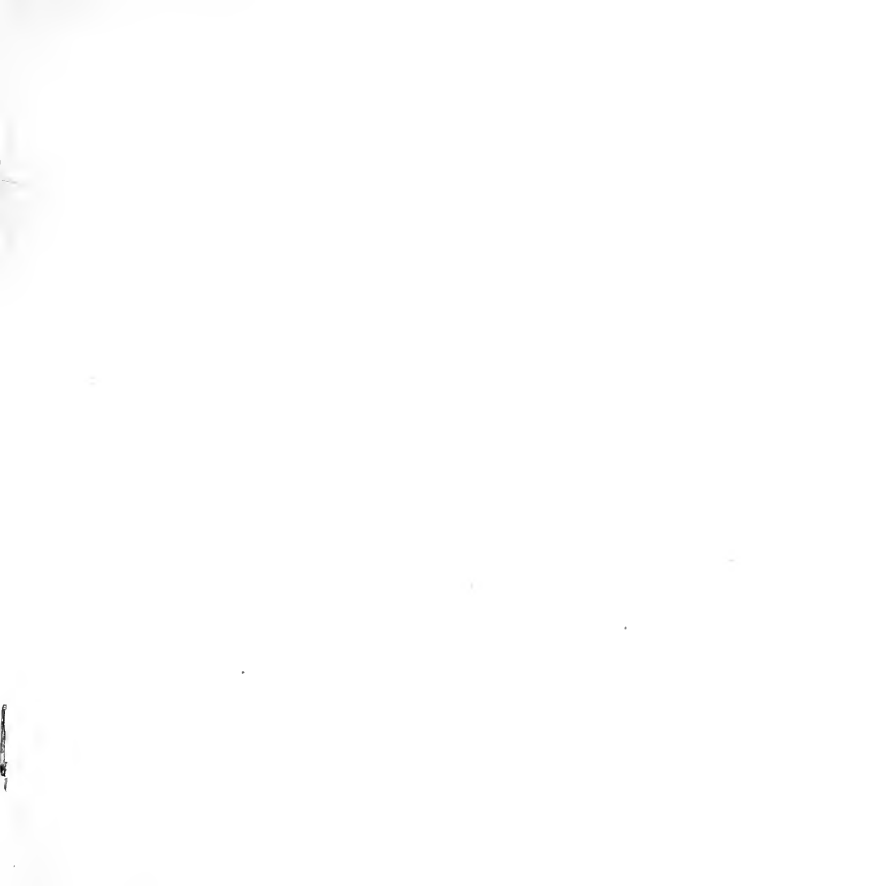


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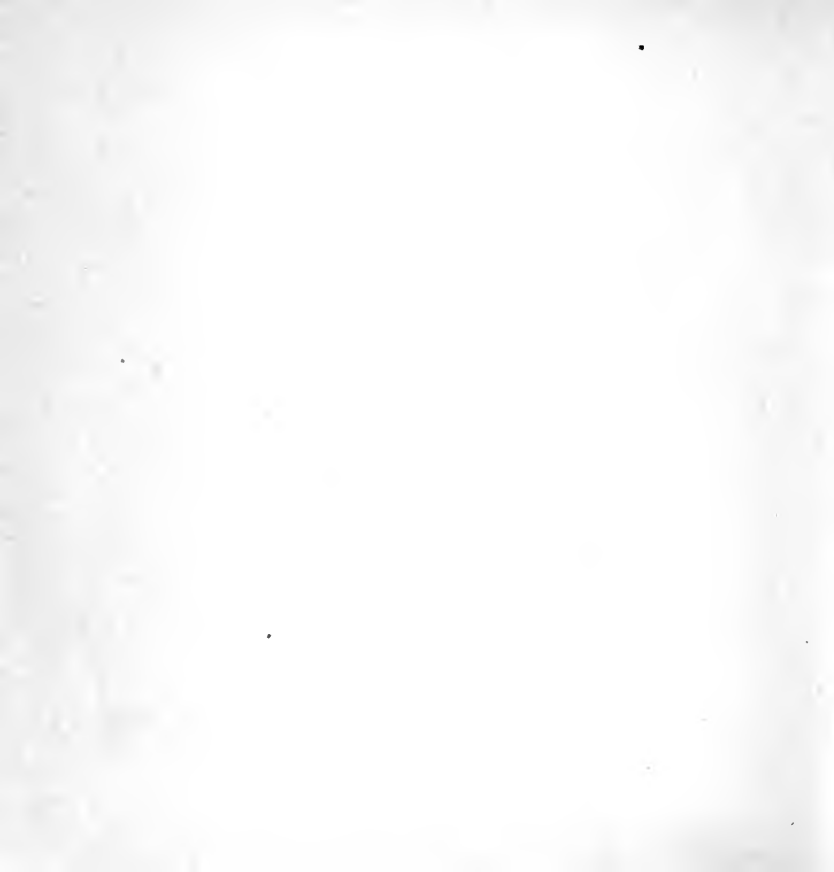
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# IN CRYSTAL HILLS

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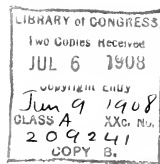
## NORTH CONWAY NEW HAMPSHIRE

...By...

FREDERICK J. ALLEN



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# LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS



	Page
The Village of North Conway . . . . .	8
The Intervale and Presidential Range . . . . .	12
The Saco . . . . .	14
The White Mountains from Intervale . . . . .	16
Moat Mountain and the Ledges . . . . .	20
White Horse Ledge . . . . .	22
The Cathedral . . . . .	24
Echo Lake . . . . .	26
Diana's Baths . . . . .	28
Thompson's Falls . . . . .	30
The Enchanted Woods . . . . .	32
Artist Falls . . . . .	34
Thompson's Grove . . . . .	36
Artist Falls Brook . . . . .	38
Kearsarge and Bartlett Mountains . . . . .	40
Redstone Quarry . . . . .	42
View From Mt. Surprise (Village of Intervale) . . . . .	44
The Wizard Birch at Intervale . . . . .	46
The Cathedral Pines at Intervale . . . . .	48



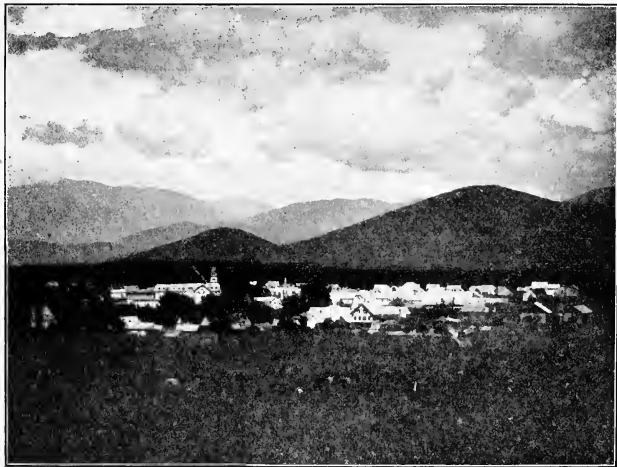
# LIST OF POEMS



	Page
North Conway in the Crystal Hills . . . . .	9
The Wood Thrush . . . . .	11
The Intervale . . . . .	13
The Saco . . . . .	15
Mt. Washington . . . . .	17
Moat Mountain . . . . .	21
White Horse Ledge . . . . .	23
The Cathedral . . . . .	25
Echo Lake . . . . .	27
Diana's Baths . . . . .	29
Thompson's Falls . . . . .	31
The Enchanted Woods . . . . .	33
Artist Falls . . . . .	35
Thompson's Falls . . . . .	37
Artist Falls Brook . . . . .	39
Mt. Kearsarge . . . . .	41
Redstone Quarry . . . . .	43
From Mt. Surprise . . . . .	45
The Wizard Birch . . . . .	47
The Cathedral Pines . . . . .	49
The Crystal Hills . . . . .	50
I Am the Wind . . . . .	52
Old New Hampshire . . . . .	54







THE VILLAGE OF NORTH CONWAY

## *IN CRYSTAL HILLS*



### NORTH CONWAY IN THE CRYSTAL HILLS

NORTH CONWAY lies beneath blue skies,  
By her majestic stream,  
A picture from far Paradise,  
A vision and a dream.

By sun-kissed hill or ocean foam,  
By field or forest fair,  
For ages man hath built his home,  
And set Love's altar there.

And evermore by vale and steep,  
With clustering homes and spires,  
Men dwell in amity and keep  
The race's altar fires.

Sweet Auburn, one thy praises sung,  
And straight the world knew thee ;  
Dear Stratford, one thy name gave tongue,  
And thine is homage free.

A people's virtue or bright fame  
Of noble soul and true,  
Gives many a hamlet glorious name  
In Old World and in New.

## *IN CRYSTAL HILLS*



In thousand villages of our land  
Peace and Good Will abide,  
Oldest and newest joining hand  
To keep the countryside.

Far from the city's endless strife,  
Among the mountains old,  
Far from the discords of our life,  
Like jewel set in gold,

North Conway lies 'neath sunny skies  
Along the Saco fair,  
A picture from far Paradise,  
In setting rich and rare.

O Nature, mother of us all,  
In field or flower or pine  
We see thy hand and hear thy call,  
And worship at thy shrine.

Sweet Village in the Crystal Hills,  
Dear home of rest and peace,  
In thee her promise Joy fulfils  
And giveth Pain surcease.



# *IN CRYSTAL HILLS*



## THE WOOD THRUSH

### IN THE NORTH CONWAY FOREST

WHEN westward low descends the sun's red car

A lingering woodland note my heart enthralls ;

O hark ! O list ! It is the wood thrush calls

From out the forest dim ; and sweet afar

The ripple glides to greet the evening star,

As when upon enchanted mountain walls

Soft wind-harps sound, or fairy music falls

In stilly hours beneath the moon's pale bar.

O Vesper Singer in thy sylvan glades,

What gift is thine, how thrills the enraptured air

Beneath the burden of thy song ! Oh, cease

Not while on field and forest deep the shades

Of night are mantling down ; but, singing there,

To all the hushed and listening earth give peace.



THE INTERVALE AND PRESIDENTIAL RANGE

# *IN CRYSTAL HILLS*



## THE INTERVAL

WHEN nature's giant forces reared  
These hills from caldrons far below  
Each mass of stone uncrowned and seared  
Soon wore its robe of green or snow.

Thus nature worketh; rocky waste  
Becomes the forest green and rare,  
The desert lowland soon is graced  
With grass and fern and flower fair.

Like these the meadows in the lands  
Of mystic age and fabled time;  
Like these the meads along the sands  
Of Simois in Asian clime.

Sweet Greece and Italy are graced  
With sunny skies and vales like these;  
And in the books of men are traced  
Such visions that the poet sees.

Outspread beneath this northern sky,  
Soft kissed by breeze or swept by gale  
That cometh from yon mountains high,  
Fair is this northern interval.



THE SACO

## *IN CRYSTAL HILLS*



### THE SACO

FROM many a glen and dark ravine  
Unite a thousand purling rills,  
Till flows the river fringed with green,  
Fair River of the Northern Hills.

In majesty thou movest on  
To pour thy flood in ocean's tide ;  
What mysteries of ages gone  
Lie buried in thy bosom wide ?

What tribes of men thy course beheld  
Ere first the White Man hither came ?  
What brave deeds of the ages old  
Hast thou hid from the trump of fame ?

The Red Man kindled here his fire,  
By stream and mountain unafraid ;  
And here he found his heart's desire,  
The answering heart of Indian maid.

The peace of centuries broodeth here,  
Fair River of the Intervale ;  
And in thy waters, crystal clear,  
The sunset's glory shall not fail.



THE WHITE MOUNTAINS FROM INTERVALE

## *IN CRYSTAL HILLS*



### MT. WASHINGTON

HAIL! O Monarch of New England!  
Mightiest of her ancient mountains,  
Peak supreme among thy fellows  
Rising round thee like a stairway,  
Stairway of enduring granite,  
Where the giants of days olden  
Mounted to thy hoary summit  
And thence gazed upon the wide world.

In some æon prehistoric  
Nature built thy granite bases,  
And thy kingly crest uplifted.  
Then as now sweet Morning crowned thee  
With her light pink, rose, and saffron,  
And the Noonday poured his arrows  
Vainly on thy mailed shoulders;  
Then as now the Evening lingered  
O'er thee with her lights and shadows,  
Evening mystic Night's fair portal,  
Evening ebon Night's pale portal.

## *IN CRYSTAL HILLS*



Answering the far Atlantic  
Throbs the heart that lies within thee,  
Bulwark of the land puissant,  
And thy foothills feel and tremble  
From thy base to ocean's margin.  
Softly fall the rains of summer,  
And thy thirst give sweet refreshing;  
Variant cloud-forms o'er thee hover,  
As they heard thy heart's deep calling,  
And thy summit wreath in beauty.

Tempests smite thee in their anger  
At thy grandeur and defiance,  
At thine æon-long defiance ;  
And old Winter with his ermine  
Lingers long upon thy high crest,  
Running there his northern courses.

Down thy sides dark caverns yawning  
Tell the throes of distant ages,  
Tell of Nature's grand upheaval;



## *IN CRYSTAL HILLS*



Many a path of bounding torrent  
Marks thy gray and somber ledges;  
Many a shattered cliff or boulder  
Witnesses the Storm King's vengeance,  
Smiting on thee with his lightning.

On Olympus, Mount Thessalian,  
Dwelt the gods in days heroic;  
On Mt. Sinai were the Tables  
Of the Law to men entrusted;  
Ever shall man's feet ascending  
Earthly mountain come near Heaven,  
Ever shall his spirit follow  
Where the Spirit Universal  
Moves in mystery and power  
Through the ether's endless spaces.

Mountain Beauteous, Mountain Glorious,  
Worthy of the name thou bearest,  
Mount of Vision be forever  
For a great and noble people.



MOAT MOUNTAIN AND THE LEDGES

## *IN CRYSTAL HILLS*



### MOAT MOUNTAIN

OLD mountain wall, with summit seared  
    'Neath many a summer's sun on high,  
What Titan hand thy mass upheared  
    And filed thy crest against the sky?

Ravine and shadowy pass are there,  
    And torrent's path and winter's scars;  
And there oft falls the moonlight fair,  
    With golden sheen of crystal stars.

In the soft stillness of the night  
    Thy thousand harps with music swell;  
Both evening shade and morning light  
    Alternate on thee cast their spell.

Old Moat, of jeweled porphyry  
    And many a rare and beauteous stone,  
Lo! thou art crowned with majesty,  
    And set along the land alone.



WHITE HORSE LEDGE

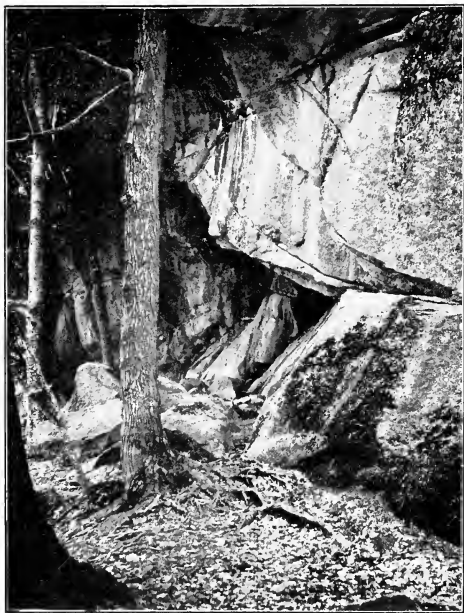
## *IN CRYSTAL HILLS*



### WHITE HORSE LEDGE

SILENT and gray, with adamantine crest,  
Yon cliff uprises at the mountain's base,  
And bears a snow-white figure on its face,  
A horse forever rearing toward the west ;  
Below, in limpid sheen and shadow drest,  
The fair lake lies, and flows with matchless grace  
Old Saco's crystal tide. The cliff hath place  
By mount and vale where Nature wrought her best.

'Tis here the sweetness of the woodland fills  
The heart with rest ; 'tis here the poet dreams,  
Interpreter of the omniscient plan  
Of him who graved His glory in the hills,  
And set His beauty by ten thousand streams,  
And made the earth a paradise for man.



THE CATHEDRAL

## *IN CRYSTAL HILLS*



### THE CATHEDRAL

HEWED from the high cliff's yawning side,  
With lofty arch and transept wide,  
And walled with maple, beech, and pine,  
Is this Cathedral's mystic shrine.

These walls pearl-gray, soft green, and brown  
With water ever trickling down,  
More beauteous are than graven stone,  
And here my heart shall find its own.

In fane and shrine man's hand hath wrought,  
And forms divine hath Genius caught  
From that fair world of dreams where rise  
Faiths' altars with their sacrifice.

But God his noblest temples rears  
With his own hand ; his thought appears  
In blooms that fringe the meadow rill  
And in the granite-templed hill.



ECHO LAKE



## *IN CRYSTAL HILLS*



### ECHO LAKE

FAIR is thy storied lake, sweet Gallilee,  
    Across whose shining wave the Lord Christ passed;  
    And fair is Leman's limpid crescent, east  
Upon the Rhone, blue lake of mystery.  
The New World beauteous is, with inland sea,  
    Majestic river, mountain, forest vast ;  
    And in New Hampshire's hills, O Nature, hast  
Thou wrought with thy most wondrous alchemy.

O Crystal Lake, lying in solitude,  
    Forever guarded by yon warder gray,  
    And fringed around by hemlock, fir, and pine ;  
Here trembling lights and mystic shadows brood,  
    And Echo dies like bell at close of day ;  
    Here is earth's sweetest spot, O Font Divine !



DIANA'S BATHS

## *IN CRYSTAL HILLS*



### DIANA'S BATHS

THY course is broken here, O Woodland Stream,  
By ledges rended deep in throes of old,  
By boulders cast in figures manifold  
When Nature graved the rocks with art supreme;  
Here ever brood the shadow and the dream,  
And lofty trees their mystic branches hold  
Like sentinels above the waters cold,  
While ever shineth here the wave's soft gleam.

Fair Dian layed in fountains in far days,  
To crystal flood revealing form divine;  
Fair Dian wandered free in woodland ways  
And heard the harmonies of stream and pine;  
Yet never on her raptured senses never fell  
Sound sweeter, sight more fair, in sylvan dell.



THOMPSON'S FALLS

## *IN CRYSTAL HILLS*



### THOMPSON'S FALLS

BULWARK of broken ledges,  
Moss-covered and old and gray,  
Crumbled on ends and edges  
And wet with the falling spray ;

Titans these rocks have riven,  
Have riven in some wild chase ;  
Titans their spears have driven  
Deep into the green hill's base.

Flood of the spring hath bounded  
Adown from the green hill's side,  
Voice of the flood hath sounded  
Afar through the forest wide.

Sweet is thy sound in summer,  
O Fall of the Wildwood Stream,  
Filling the heart of each comer  
With peace like a sylvan dream.



THE ENCHANTED WOODS

## *IN CRYSTAL HILLS*



### THE ENCHANTED WOODS

MAJESTIC, mystical, these old pines tower,  
Unheedful of earth's changes year by year,  
Their armor seamed and knotted, brown and sere ;  
On every hand soft fern and woodland flower  
In fragrance grow, 'neath their protectors' power.  
Save for the wind-harp's whisperings all here  
Is silence grateful, and there broodeth e'er  
The Spirit of the world's fair Morning Hour.

O here is place to come when love is new,  
And rising struggles at the spirit's bars ;  
And here is place to come when love is old,  
And sees again in loving eyes the stars :  
For here, at Nature's heart, all things are true,  
And loving souls communion sweet may hold.



ARTIST FALLS



## *IN CRYSTAL HILLS*



### ARTIST FALLS

BATHED with the glow of morning  
Golden and gray and white,  
Gemmed by the noon's adorning,  
Fair at the fall of night;

Crescent and spray and sparkle,  
Music of lotus lands,  
Shadows that pass and darkle,  
Home of the elfin bands;

Mosses and tree and boulder,  
Carpet of autumn leaves:  
Here, as the year grows older,  
Nature her beauty weaves.

Here is the spirit granted  
Balm for the care that calls;  
Here is the heart enchanted,  
Lulled by these crystal falls.



THOMPSON'S GROVE

## *IN CRYSTAL HILLS*



### THOMPSON'S GROVE

THE traffic of the busy world goes by,  
The horse of iron daily thunders past  
Upon his endless round, from ocean vast  
Unto the kingly hills, from mountain high  
Down to the shore where princely cities lie.  
Stern Industry while human need shall last  
Upon the primal world her spell shall cast,  
And rear her banners 'neath the holy sky.

Sweet Grove, where man may come and refuge find,  
Thy sacred silences shall hush the pain  
That broodeth in the breast; thy spirit, old  
As nature, new as morn, shall touch the mind  
With influence Lethean: here, come loss or gain,  
Earth's rarest visions shall my heart behold.



ARTIST FALLS BROOK

## *IN CRYSTAL HILLS*



### ARTIST FALLS BROOK

STREAM from the forest flowing free,  
What greeting bringest thou to me?  
What message from the mount afar  
Where beats the storm and shines the star?

Beholding thee Faith shall not cease!  
From out the tempest comes thy peace;  
From hill to sea along thy strand  
Kind Plenty blesses all the land.

Within thy mirror gleams the sky,  
And in thy heart all mysteries lie  
Of field and wood; of man and maid,  
For ever here have lovers strayed.

Like thrushnote when the twilight falls,  
Or wind-harp sweet on mountain walls,  
Thy music soundeth evermore  
From crested hill to ocean shore.



KEARSARGE AND BARTLETT MOUNTAINS

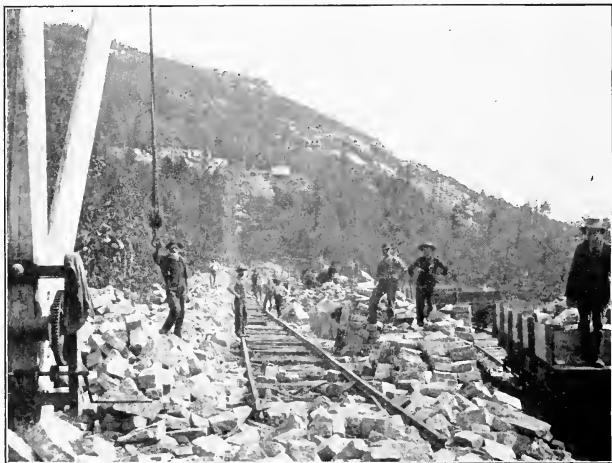
## *IN CRYSTAL HILLS*



### MT. KEARSARGE

WHEN stars are slowly fading in the sky  
And night is softly paling into dawn,  
When birds begin to sing upon the lawn,  
Then like some ancient ruin rising high  
Old Kearsarge proudly looms before the eye:  
Darkness below; above, the curtains drawn,  
Morn's crimson rays upon his crest are strawn,  
And gorgeous hosts of Light the Night defy.

O who hath seen the morning in the hills?  
O who hath climbed some mountain ere the sun,  
And seen his shafts of glory quivering rise?  
Then climb Old Kearsarge ere Aurora fills  
The land with light; the stars pale one by one,  
And, lo! Morn's Miracle on earth and skies!



REDSTONE QUARRY



## *IN CRYSTAL HILLS*



### REDSTONE QUARRY

EVER hath the fair earth yielded  
Riches boundless for her children,  
Gold of Ophir and a New World's  
Mines of silver, India's silken  
Wares and spices, Afric's diamond,  
Pearl of ocean, Orient opal,  
And a thousand iridescent  
Gems of magic and of beauty ;  
Woods of cherry, oak, and cedar,  
Stones of sand and lime and marble  
Fit for mansion, temple, palace.

In the unrecorded æons  
Of the past, O fair New Hampshire,  
Earth uplifted from her bosom  
Granite masses for thy mountains,  
Domes of mica, quartz, and feldspar,  
Pillars of thy strength and glory :  
And the Master Artist fashioned  
Here at Redstone hills of granite,  
Granite rose-like, clear, and beauteous.



VIEW FROM MT. SURPRISE ( VILLAGE OF INTERVALE )

## *IN CRYSTAL HILLS*



### FROM MT. SURPRISE

THROUGH fragrant dells and piny woods  
Whose spell the spirit binds,  
Through rarest sylvan solitudes  
The roadway upward winds.

From the fair crest of Mt. Surprise,  
Set in a sea of green,  
A panorama beauteous lies,  
Softened by shade and sheen.

Upon the far horizon's bar  
Rise the eternal hills,  
And morning light or evening star  
Their crown of glory fills.

Below, the Ledges gray and grim  
Like Parian pillars stand;  
And Moat, in mystic shadows dim,  
Lies prone along the land.

In peace beneath the northern sky,  
By ancient wood and dale,  
And kept by mountain warders, lie  
The homes of Intervale.



THE WIZARD BIRCH AT INTERVALE

## *IN CRYSTAL HILLS*



### THE WIZARD BIRCH

THOU Wizard Tree, set here in solitude,  
What changed thee from the fair form of thy kind?  
Was it some vengeful demon of the wind  
That smote thee when thy trunk his way withstood?  
Or did the sun, unheedful of thy good,  
Disdain to shine upon thy pearly rind  
And warm thy heart? Or hast thou not divined  
Why nature made of thee an alien in the wood?

Ten thousand thousand patterns, large and small,  
Hath nature for the fashion of her art;  
And yet there is naught common in them all,  
Nor doth she from her pattern far depart.  
And thou, Old Tree, whose growth so strange hath been  
Hast yet within the red heart of thy kin.



THE CATHEDRAL PINES AT INTERVALE

## *IN CRYSTAL HILLS*



### THE CATHEDRAL PINES

LIKE sentinels of somber hue and green,  
Tall, stately, and majestic, row on row,  
And straight as any arrow sped from bow,  
These old pines stand. Soft shadows lie between,  
And wandering lights from over-arching sheen  
Fall downward on the needles brown below.  
Through these cool, fragrant forests deeps there flow  
The sweetest strains of nature's fair demesne.

O here is place for loitering lover's feet,  
And the fond heart its secrets may reveal ;  
Here one the far thoughts of his youth may meet,  
And all the wounds of life's stern battle heal ;  
And 'neath the organ harmony of pine  
The rapt soul here may bow at Nature's shrine.

## *IN CRYSTAL HILLS*



### THE CRYSTAL HILLS

HILLS of Crystal, upward lifting,  
Gleaming with a thousand glories  
In the golden sun of morning,  
Traversed by a thousand shadows  
In the softer lights of even ;  
Are ye sentient of the sunlight,  
Are ye conscious of the shadow,  
Throbs your great heart to the wave-beat  
Ceaseless on the ocean's margin ?

From the bosom of the Atlantic  
Years untold the sun hath risen,  
Casting crimson on your high crests ;  
At his coming mists have vanished,  
Like the dreams of softest slumber  
When the daylight calls to action,  
Like the shadow on the child's face  
When the mother's kiss is given.



## *IN CRYSTAL HILLS*



Hills of Crystal, glorious, golden,  
Castles reared in childish fancy,  
Years ago, with you compare not!  
I would lay me on your summits,  
Fanned by breezes out of heaven,  
Breathed upon by purple vapors,  
Wrapped in odors of the forest,  
Lulled to rest by softest music  
Borne up from the aged ocean.

Such the peace the gods imparted  
On some far Hesperian isle or  
Sunlit clime of storied aeon.

# IN CRYSTAL HILLS

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## I AM THE WIND

Written in Thompson's Grove

(*New England Magazine, February, 1907*)

I AM the wind that crieth  
Where the Storm King strides,  
I am the wind that lieth  
On the fair hillsides,  
And man my puissance trieth  
Where his proud bark rides.

When the great Void was riven  
By the hand that wrought,  
When light and life were given  
To fulfil His thought,  
I only, 'neath God's heaven,  
Had a bound set not.

His messenger, I carried  
Seed of the wood and wold,  
And cities I have buried  
In æon's dust and mold  
Nathless my legions serried  
Have not yet grown old.

## *IN CRYSTAL HILLS*



Along my path the golden  
Cloud of morning flees,  
Wind-harps in forests olden  
Make I of the trees,  
And on my pinions holden  
Brood I o'er the seas.

Be seasons fair and vernal,  
Or the snow be whirled,  
Like Destiny eternal  
Whose wing is never furled,  
With messages supernal  
I course around the world.

My work hath never ended,  
Since first time began:  
And in my breath are blended  
Life and death for man.  
Free, mighty, sun-descended,  
I fulfil God's plan.

# IN CRYSTAL HILLS



## OLD NEW HAMPSHIRE

FAST DAY, 1899

*(In the Manchester Union)*

OLD New Hampshire, first to enter  
In the union of the Thirteen,  
Thy brave sons withstood the Briton  
When the call to arms was sounded,  
Foremost in that mighty conflict  
For the freedom of a people;  
And in later years rebellion  
Found a foe among the free-born  
Of thy hills and lakes and rivers.

Thou hast given strength in battle,  
Wisdom in the halls of council,  
Stark and Webster, and a thousand  
Who have made our broad land richer.  
Products of thy field and quarries,  
Products of thy myriad spindles,  
Craft of brain and might of sinew,  
Thou hast given her resources.

## IN CRYSTAL HILLS



On their granite bases resting,  
Piercing the eternal regions,  
Firmly stand thine ancient mountains,  
Stand as sentinels of freedom;  
So thy virtues, deeply grounded  
In the faith our fathers cherished,  
Rise in action to sublime deeds,  
Rise in sacrifice and service.

Christian were the old-time builders,  
Christian were there sons and daughters;  
And the center of each hamlet,  
In those distant days and simple,  
Was the church, God's rough-hewn temple.  
And by men foreseeing planted  
In the wilderness, Old Dartmouth  
Ministered to state and nation.

One has spoken words of warning,  
One has bidden us to ponder  
On the ways almost forgotten,  
And restore the ancient landmarks,  
And rebuild the fallen churches.

## *IN CRYSTAL HILLS*



Can it be the past is dying,  
Can it be God's arm is shortened,  
And our father's hope was groundless?  
Shall the old traditions perish,  
Shall we falter in the pathways,  
Falter in the ancient pathways  
Trodden by the consecrated?

Rather let us think the people,  
Listening to receding voices,  
By the past are still uplifted,  
Guided, strengthened, and ennobled;  
Rather let us trust the people  
Shall continue wise and faithful,  
Building on the tried foundations  
Edifices nobler, grander,  
Than the world has seen aforetime.

Rouse ye, children of New Hampshire,  
Let your virtues, ever grounded  
In the faith your fathers cherished,  
Rise in action to sublime deeds,  
Rise in sacrifice and service.









JUL 6 1908



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